THREE

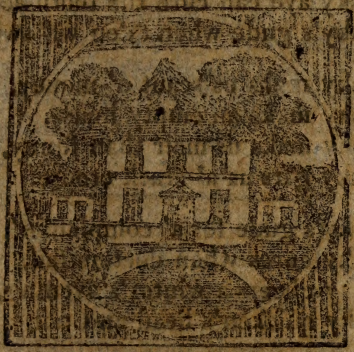
Famous New Songs

CALLED

Effects of Whisky.

The Valley Below.

Larry O'Gaff.



PAISLEY:
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EFFECTS OF WHISKY.

Whisky maks us sometimes foolish,
Whisky maks our pockets light,
Whisky maks us aften mulish,
Whisky gars us aften fight.

Whisky sometimes cures the head-ach
Whisky aften cures the gripes
Whisky aye can cure the tooth-ache,
Whisky's gude when ta'en wi' swipes.

Whisky maks us scant o' money,
Whisky maks an empty house,
Whisky maks us mair than funny,
Whisky gars us a' crack crouse.

Whisky's gude for a' complainin',
Whisky cures when doctors fail,
Whisky cheers a winter's evening,
Whisky quicken's head and tail.

Whisky still brings on distempers,
Whisky kills, but canna cure,
Whisky changes a' our tempers,
Whisky maks few rich, but many poor.

Whisky gars slow tongues gang quicker,
Whisky turn the quick to slow,
Whisky is a potent l quor,
Whisky answers yes or no.

Whisky secrets ne'er can keep,
Whisky aften tells the truth,
Whisky is a friend o' sleep,
Whisky maks a grey hair'd youth.

Whisky worketh every evil,
Whisk maks my conscience pine,
Whisky it can dare the devil,
Whisky is the prince of crime,

Whisky's praise could ne'er be ended,
Whisky's wars are sad and lang,
Whisky still is we'el befriended,
Whisky finishes this sang.

THE BEAUTY OF THE VALLEY BELOW.

Ye Muses divine, your theme pray refine
haracterize a beautifull maid
ose bright celestial charms
senses has alarme1
her angelic form I'm subdued

Fair Helen or Venus with her cannot vie
She appeared like an angel unto my eye
I submissively approached her
On my word you may rely
I espied her in yon valley below
In amazement I gazed on that bright celestial creature
With my blood trembling in every vein
Like Cupid alarmed my passion assailed
I exclaimed in a tottering pain
Saying you bright celestial charms
Your aid I implore to extricate my misery
My liberty restore
I am deeply bewailing come aid therefore
For the beauty of the valley below
Dame nature has studied to form each feature
She's an ornament of the creation I'm sure
Her majestic department and angler state
Are the sources of those tortures I endure
In excruciating torture I'm sorely oppressed
And by nocturnal phantoms I'm deprived of my rest
I'm involved in misery and sorlely oppressed
For the beauty of the valley below
The gods from Olimpus viewd her with

meration
As she gracefully moved along
Attend by that goddess whom they call Venus
Or the nymphs that around her does throng
Still viewed her with admiration
That sweet nymph divine
It is on her that those graces
Does perpetually shine
She is altogether lovely
Oh! if she was mine
She's the beauty of the valley below
Her hair in golden traces
On her shoulders doth adorn
And her cheeks are of vermillion dye
Her eyes shine with lustre
My senses has alarmed
Indian pearl with her teeth cannot vie
Pandora whom the Gods
With such graces has endowed
Was never so resplendant as by angels
Or the train of captive lovers
That daily does surround the beauty of the valley below
Was I richer than great Alexander
Or a ruler of the terr[illegible]al ball

That seraphic fair one I freely would give
For she totally proves my downfall
In deep reverbration I'll range the world o'er
Namely from the pole to the Altlantic
Still void of consolation now & for ever
For the beauty of the valley below.

LARRY O'GAFF.

Near a bog in sweet Ireland I'm told sure that
born I was;
Well I remember a fine muddy morn it was;
My father, poor man, would cry "What a green
horn I was! [laugh!"
Three months I'm married—O dear, how they'll
Says he to my mother,—"Troth, Judy I'll leave
you joy!" [my boy
Says Judy to him—"Och, the devil may care,
St. Patrick," says he, "but I'll leave you
both here to cry
What will we do for our Mr. O'Gaff?
With my dideroo whack, off I am,
None of your blarney, ma'am,
Keep your brat, to him chat
All the day, so you may; [Larry,
By the powers I won't tarry!"—So he left little
And I never saw more of my daddy O'Gaff.

O then I grew up, and a sweet looking chick I was
Always the devil for twirlting the stick I was;
But somehow or other my numscull so thick it was
Go where I would every creature would laugh.
I rambled to England, where I met with a squad
of boys,
Got me promoted to carry the hod, my boys;
I crept up the ladder like a cat newly shod, my
boys —
"A steep way to riches," quoth Larry O'Gaff.
Crying dideroo whack, in and out.
Ladder crack, break your back,
Head turning round about,
Ladder crack, break your back,
Tumble down, crack your crown!
My dear master Larry, this hod that you carry
Disgraces the shoulders of Mr. O'Gaff.

Then I got a master, and dress'd like a fop I was,
Brand new and span new from bottom to top I was;
But the ould fellow popt in as taking a drop I was
Says he "Mr. Larry, you bog trotting calf,
Get out of my house, or I'll lay this about your
back!" [smack;
The twig in his fist like the mast of a herring-
Over my napper he soon made the switch to crack,
So he turned off Mr. Lawrence O'Gaff.
Singing "dideroo whack, hubbub-bow,
Drums beating rowdy-dow,

Od's my life, play the fife,
Patrick's day, fire away!
In the army so frisky, I'll tipyle their whisky,
With a whack for old Ireland," says Larry O'Gaff
Then they made me a soldier,—but O, how genteel I was!
Scarlet and tape from the head to the heel I was,
"But Larry," says I, when brought into the field
I was,
'Larry, you dont like this fighting by half!
But we fought like the devil, as Irishmen ought,
Neatly we beat Mr. Boney at Waterloo; [to do,
Now the war's over and peace we have got for you
Welcome to Ireland sweet Larry O'Gaff!
With my dideroo whack, saved my neck,
Round and sound free from wound,
With a wife spend my life,
Sport and play, night and day! [Kearneys,
Arrah none of your blarney, for the breed of the
Would die for old Ireland, with Larry O'Gaff.

FINIS.